That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Marina:* ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuay,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, in flaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſoldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her,
Heere ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolu'd?

Leon. I am reſolu'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to ſtrew thy greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vppon thy graue, while Summer dayes doth laſt. Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempeſt, when my mother dyde: this world to mee is like a laſting ſtorme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina?* why do'ye weepe alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your blood with ſorrowing,
You haue a nurſe of me. Lord how your fauour's
Chang'd, with this vnprofitable woe:
Come giue me your flowers, ere the ſea marre it,
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruant.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the King your father, and your ſelfe, with more then forraine heart; we euery day expect him heere, when he ſhall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blaſted. He will repent the breadth of his great Voyage, blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to your beſt courſes. Go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe; reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old.
Care not for me, I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no deſire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you:
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I haue ſaide.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Lady, for a while: pray walke ſoftly, doe not heate your blood; What, I muſt haue a care of you.